

NOV. 17

OUT OF *the* NIGHT

10¢

BACK...BACK! NO HUMAN
SHALL STAND IN MY
WAY!

What
WEIRD BEING WAS
THIS, THAT RETURNED
FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE
... TO WREAK DEATH
AND DESTRUCTION?
IT'S A SPINE-TINGLING
STORY--YOURS FOR GASPS!
Read *the* **ELECTRIC
SPIRIT?**





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

**Build a Fine Business... Full or Spare Time!
We Start You FREE—Don't Invest One Cent!**

MAKE BIG MONEY

WITH FAST-SELLING WARM

MASON LEATHER JACKETS

Rush Coupon for FREE Selling Outfit!

NOW IT'S EASY to make BIG MONEY in a profit-making, spare-time business! As our man in your community, you feature Mason's fast-selling Horsehide, Capeskin, Suede and other fine leather jackets—nationally known for smart styling, rugged wear, wonderful warmth. Start by selling to friends and fellow workers. Think of all the outdoor workers around your own home who will be delighted to buy these fine jackets direct from you: truck drivers, milkmen, cab drivers, postmen, gas station, construction, and railroad men—hundreds right in your own community! You'll be amazed how quickly business grows. And no wonder!—You offer these splendid jackets at low money-saving prices people can afford! Our top-notch men find it's easy to make up to \$10.00 a day EXTRA income!

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Be the first to sell men who work outdoors this perfect combination!—Non-scut, warm Horsehide leather jacket lined with wooly Sheepskin, and new Horsehide work shoe also warmly lined with fleecy Sheepskin and made with oil-resisting soles and leather storm welt!

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Take orders for Nationally-advertised, Velvet-eez Air-Cushion Shoes in 150 dress, sport, work styles for men and women. Air-Cushion Inner-sole gives wonderful feeling of "walking on air" all day long. As the Mason man in your town, you actually feature more shoes in a greater range of sizes and widths than the largest store in town! And at low, direct-from-factory prices! It's easy to fit customers in the style they want—they keep re-ordering, too—put dollars and dollars into your pocket! Join the exceptional men who make up to \$200 extra a month and get their family's shoes and garments at wholesale prices!

Send for FREE SELLING OUTFIT Today!

Mail the coupon today—I'll rush your powerful Free Jacket and Shoe Selling Outfit including 10-second Air-Cushion Demonstrator, and EVERYTHING you need to start building a steady, BIG MONEY, repeat-order business, as thousands of others have done with Mason!

These Special Features Help You Make Money From First Hour!

... Men really go for these warm Mason jackets of long-lasting Pony Horsehide leather, fine Capeskin leather, soft luxurious Suede leather. You can even take orders for Nylon, Gabardine, 100% Wool, Satin-faced Twill jackets, men's raincoats, too! And just look at these EXTRA features that make Mason jackets so easy to sell:

- Warm, cozy linings of real Sheepskin...nature's own protection against cold!
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- Extra-large pockets!
- Variety of colors for every taste: brown, black, green, grey, tan, blue!

MASON SHOE MFG CO.
DEPT. MA 178
Chippewa Falls, Wisc.

SEND FOR FREE OUTFIT!

Mr. Ned Mason, Dept. MA 178
MASON SHOE MFG. COMPANY,
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

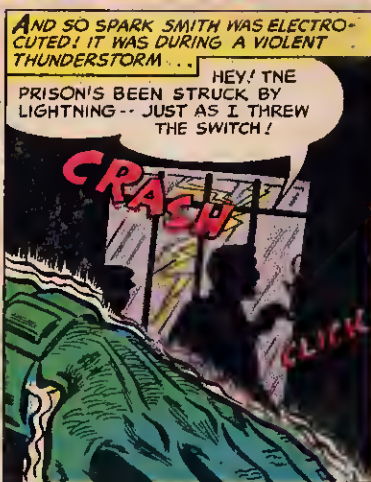
You bet I want to start my own extra-income business! Please rush FREE and postpaid my Powerful Selling Outfit—featuring fast-selling Mason Jackets, Air-Cushion Shoes, other fast-selling specialties—so I can start making BIG MONEY right away!

Name

Address Age

Town State

The **ELECTRIC SPIRIT**



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INSIDE THE DEATH CHAMBER, WHEN THE LIGHTS
CAME ON AGAIN...

I PRONOUNCE SPARK
SMITH DEAD!

OUTSIDE, THE LIGHTNING TOOK STRANGE FORM
AS IT STREAKED TOWARDS THE PRISON WALL...

LOOK AT THAT
FLASH OF
LIGHTNING--
IT'S SHAPED
LIKE A MAN!

I HAVE NO BODY, BUT-- I'M
FREE!

NOW I CAN HAVE
REVENGE ON THOSE
WHO CAUSED MY DEATH!
THEY SHALL DIE AS
I DIED!

AT LIGHTNING SPEED, SPARK
HEADED TOWARD HIS RENDEZVOUS
WITH HORROR!

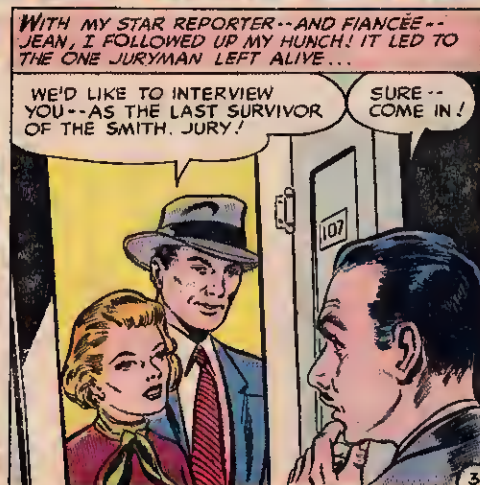
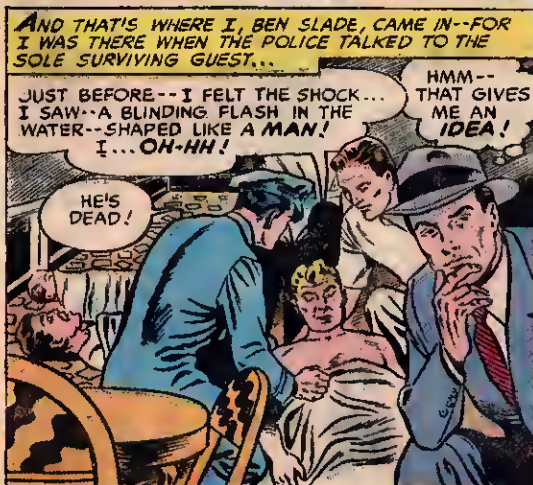
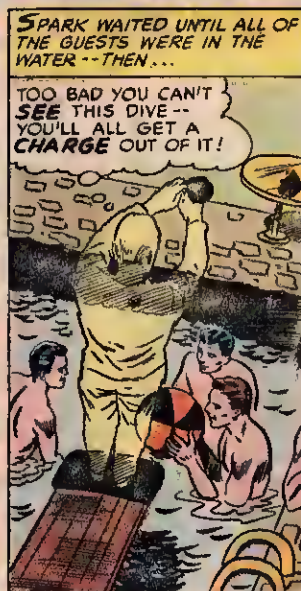
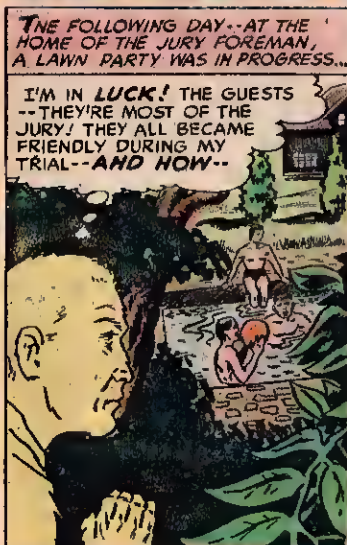
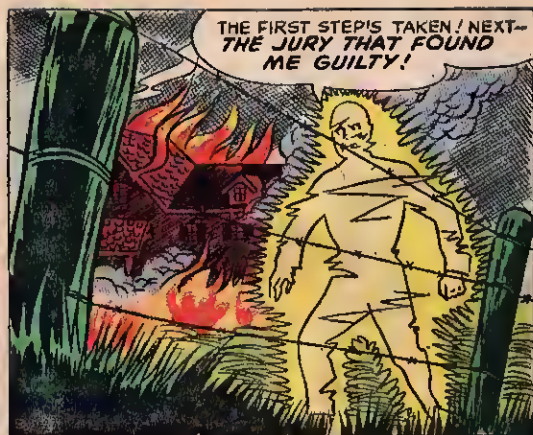
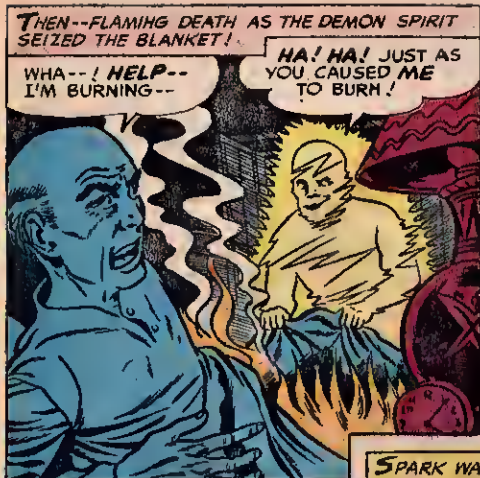
I GET IT... WHEN I
TOUCH METAL, I BECOME
AN ELECTRICAL FORCE!
I'M A LIVING
THUNDERBOLT!

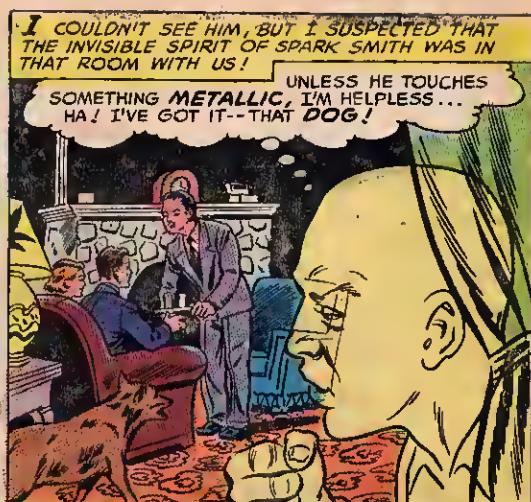
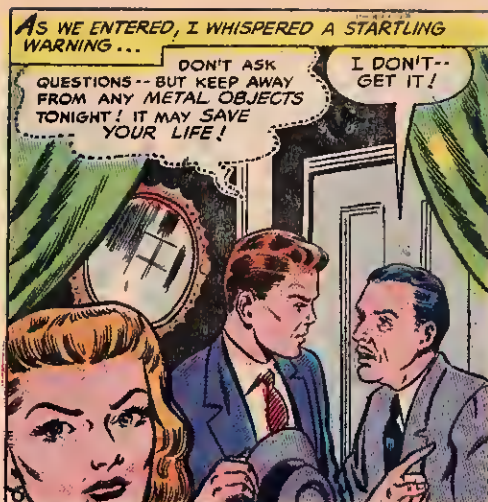
WHAT MIRACLE WAS THIS? FOR
INCREDIBLY, THE COMBINATION OF
MAN-MADE ELECTRICITY AND
NATURE'S THUNDERBOLT HAD
ENCASED THE SPIRIT OF SPARK
SMITH WITHIN A FORM OF GLOWING,
PULSATING ATOMS-- A PHANTOM
WHICH HEADED FOR ESCAPE!

MEANWHILE, AS THE JUDGE WHO HAD SENTENCED
SPARK RETIRED FOR THE NIGHT...

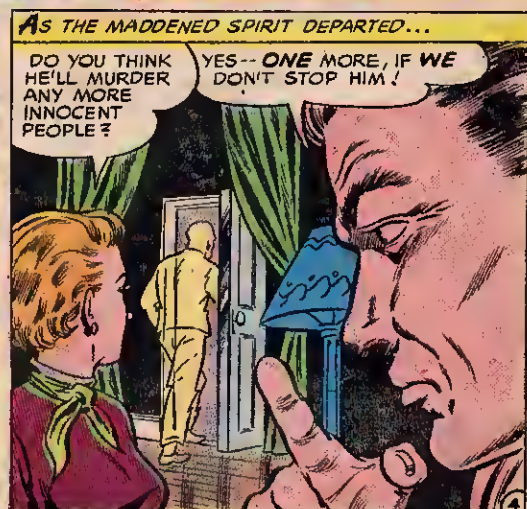
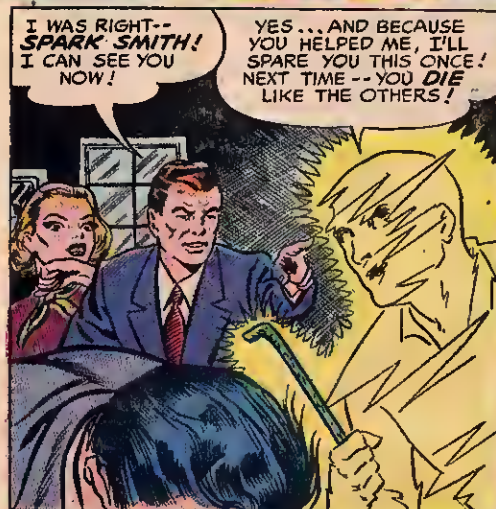
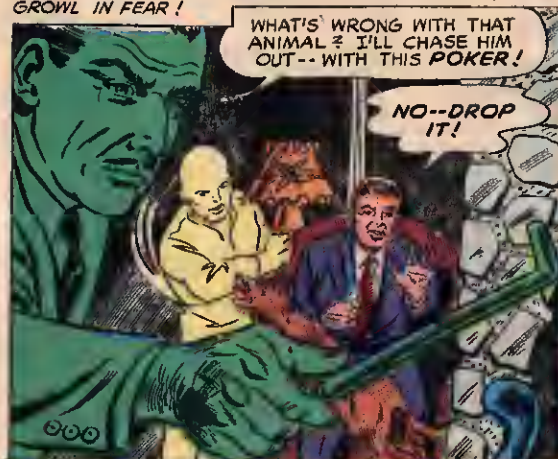
KIND OF CHILLY
TONIGHT-- THINK
I'LL PLUG IN THIS
ELECTRIC
BLANKET!

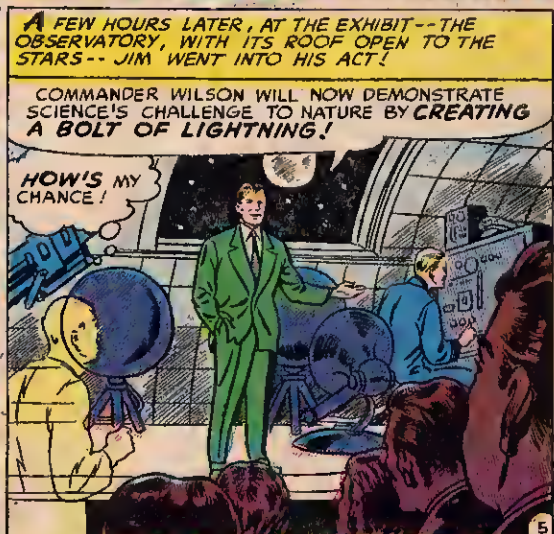
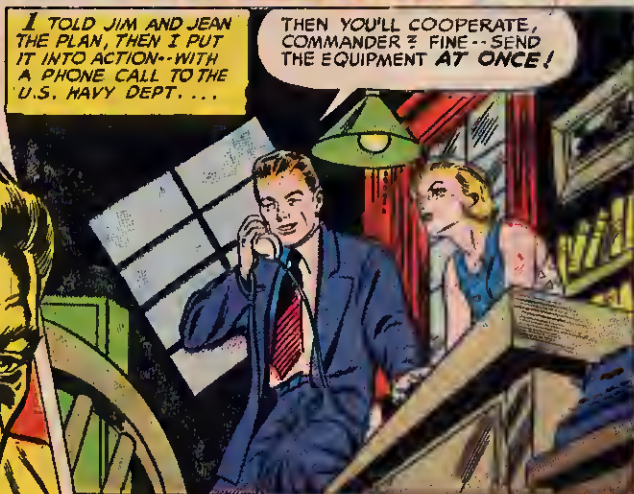
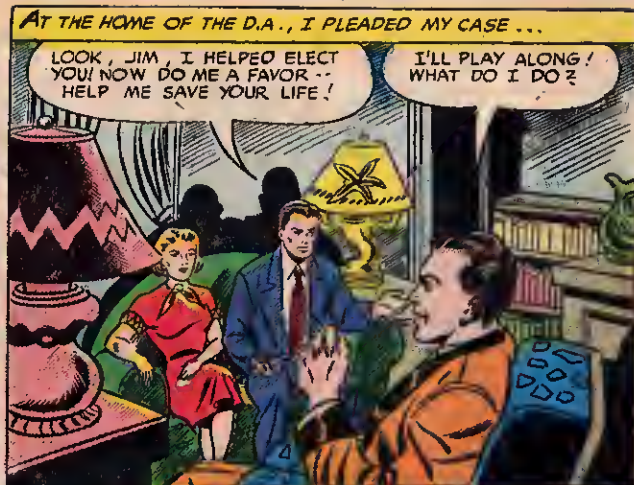
GOOD-- THAT BLANKET'S
GOING TO CARRY A LOT
MORE CURRENT THAN
ANYONE EVER GUESSED!





SPARK THREATENED THE DOG--AND THE BEAST'S EXTRA-SENSORY PERCEPTION CAUSED IT TO GROWL IN FEAR!





AS A HUGE FLASH CRACKLED ACROSS THE ROOM, A FEARSOME SPECTRE STRADDLED IT... POINTING A FINGER OF DOOM!

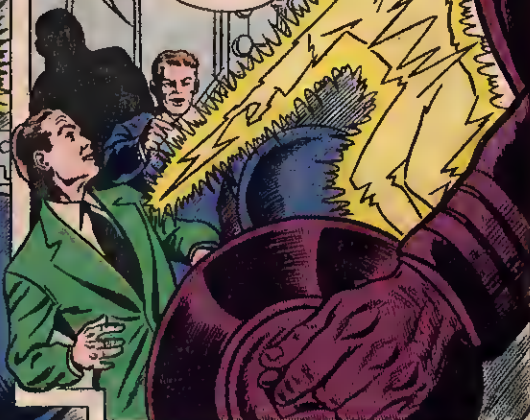
NOW, MR. D.A. PREPARE TO DIE!



BUT I WAS READY FOR THE FIEND...

OKAY, COMMANDER -- NOW!

YOU AGAIN! THIS TIME YOU SHALL SHARE HIS FATE!



AS THE OFFICER THREW ANOTHER SWITCH, A BRIGHT BEAM SHOT SKYWARD-- AND IN THE MIDDLE OF IT WAS SPARK SMITH!

AGH! I'M TRAPPED-- RISING WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT!



AFTERWARD...

BUT BEN-- WHAT HAPPENED?

REMEMBER HOW THE NAVY HAS SUCCEEDED IN SENDING ELECTRICAL BEAMS TO THE MOON? WE DID THE SAME THING TONIGHT-- AND SPARK WAS TRAPPED IN THE BEAM!



BUT BEN! THOSE OTHER BEAMS BOUNCED BACK FROM THE MOON! WON'T SPARK RETURN-- TO MURDER US ALL?

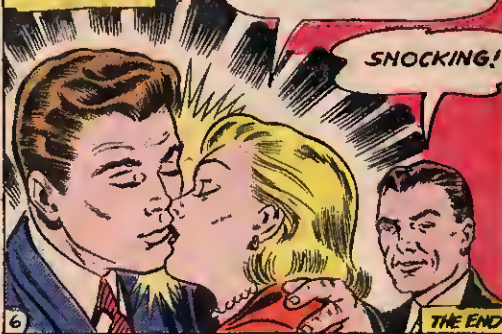
NO, DARLING... YOU SEE, WE DIDN'T AIM AT THE MOON **THIS** TIME! SPARK IS HEADED FOR OUTER SPACE AND HE WON'T BE BACK FOR A BILLION YEARS!

THAT WAS THE END OF THE STORY-- BUT THE BEGINNING OF A NEW ONE-- FOR JEAN AND ME!

NOW-- I'LL COLLECT THE FIRST INSTALLMENT ON MY REWARD!

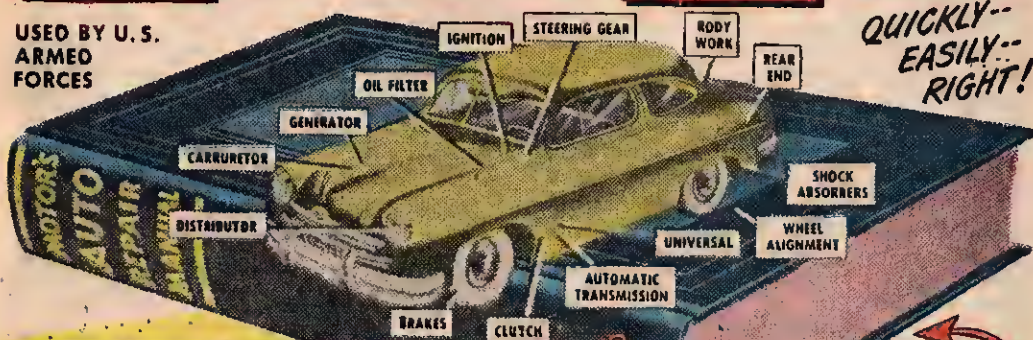
MMM-MM! TALK ABOUT ELECTRICITY!

SNOKING!



HOW TO FIX ANY PART OF ANY CAR

USED BY U. S.
ARMED
FORCES



QUICKLY--
EASILY--
RIGHT!

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WEREWOLVES

of the STEPPES

NAPOLEON, GREATEST MILITARY figure of history, was marching on Russia. His French armies, tempered in the crucible of battle and known far and wide as the world's finest fighting men, had crossed the forbidden borders, launching a mighty attack on the subjects of the tsar.

Victory, it was felt, was inevitable. Napoleon had planned his every move with utmost care, dispatching hordes of trained spies into the Muscovite realm before a single regiment moved into action. From the chief of his espionage corps, he received heartening news...word that the Russian armies were scattered and disorganized, and could offer but slight resistance. There were, of course, a few unfavorable factors, such as the long lines of communication and the severity of the Russian winter...but these, it was felt, could be taken in stride by the excellently-trained French. "There's...just one more thing," said the espionage chief. He spoke diffidently, as if he didn't believe what he was saying, but had to say it. It concerned a strange and menacing subject... *the werewolves of Russia*. Packs of ravening beasts which haunted the steppes...wolves which were not mortal animals, and whose bite changed a victim to animal form. They were constantly famished, their only prey consisting of lone travelers...for the people of the steppes knew the mystic ways in which the werewolves could be guarded against. And the French didn't!

It was small wonder that Napoleon refused to be impressed by superstitious nonsense of this sort. Since when could the French be stopped by fairytales...or mere animals? And so the French armies moved forward against Russia. They were all-conquering...nothing, it seemed, could stop them! Not until they marshaled their strength on the huge flats before Moscow. Dusk had fallen...a cold, gray dusk which seemed to hold a brooding menace. It was then, from a hill overlooking the main French encampment, that a wailing howl was heard...a lonely sound filled with all of the

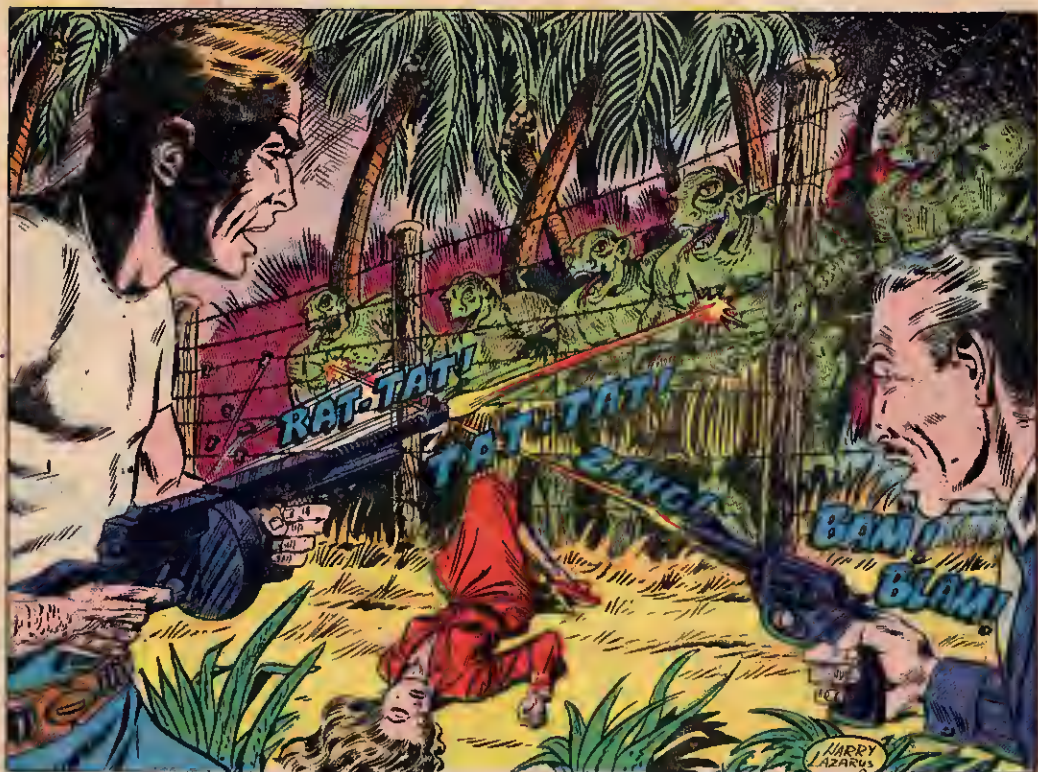
horror of a nightmare. The soldiers saw it then...a huge gray wolf, its slaving muzzle lifted eerily towards the sky. At least a hundred soldiers fired simultaneously... anything to close off this wailing horror! And...strangely...not a single bullet had the slightest effect, although they obviously were penetrating the creature's body. The French looked uneasily at each other, as if gripped by a single thought...a thought that nobody dared even express. Then, from all around them, it arose...a banshee chorus of weird howls. The wolves...they were everywhere.

It was colder now, and had started to snow heavily, but it wasn't this which caused the invaders to huddle closer together. It was a nameless fear, a fear of the *Unknown*. The snow was whirling down harder now, blotting out everything... everything but the thousands of glowing circles which surrounded the encampment. Eyes...the eyes of wolves...the eyes of *werewolves*! In a moment, panic had swept the uneasy men and the night was filled with the sound of gunfire...gunfire directed not against human foes, but against beasts! Now there was a new sound...the mad shrieking of men caught in the grip of horror! For the werewolves had attacked, loping soundlessly in for the kill. Snapping jaws found human prey...prey that was not human for long after that! For a strange alteration overtook those of the French soldiers who had been bitten. Hand changed...changed... took on the appearance of paw...and fur and fangs came! There were new werewolves now, who sought out their own human prey!

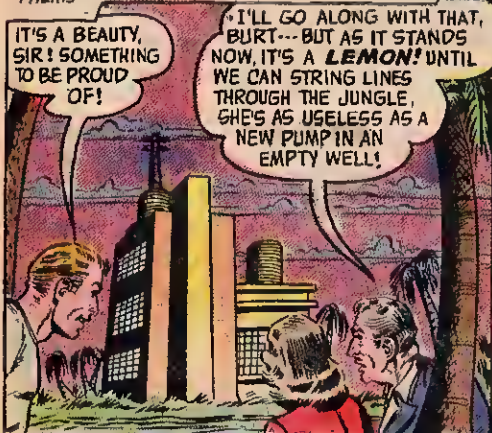
It was a mad rout. Those who escaped were not free...for there was the gamut of the frigid Russian winter to run. Only a small remnant of the once mighty French army straggled out of the killing confines of the Russian empire. History records it as a victory of the Muscovite winter alone. Those who really knew said nothing, their lips locked by terror. Only legend and hearsay remain to tell what actually happened to the greatest army in history.

THEY LABELED IT "SUPERSTITION," BUT IN ONE TERROR-FILLED NIGHT, THEY WERE TO LEARN WHAT THE NATIVES MEANT, WHEN THEY SAID IN WHISPERED WARNINGS ---

BEWARE the BEJANGO!



BORDERING A SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE, A HUGE POWER PLANT RISES MAJESTICALLY ABOVE THE SWAYING PALMS---

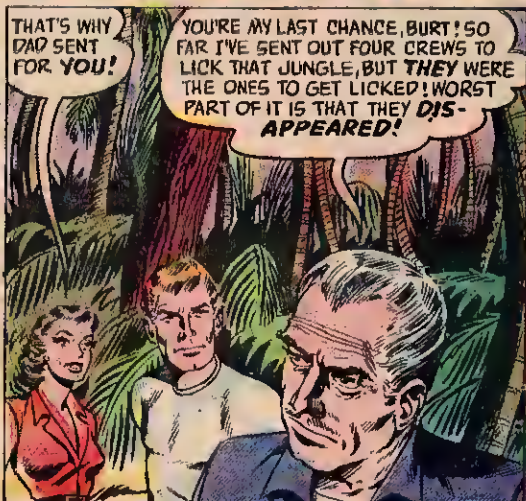


IT'S A BEAUTY, SIR! SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF!

I'LL GO ALONG WITH THAT, BURT--- BUT AS IT STANDS NOW, IT'S A **LEMON!** UNTIL WE CAN STRING LINES THROUGH THE JUNGLE, SHE'S AS USELESS AS A NEW PUMP IN AN EMPTY WELL!

THAT'S WHY DAD SENT FOR YOU!

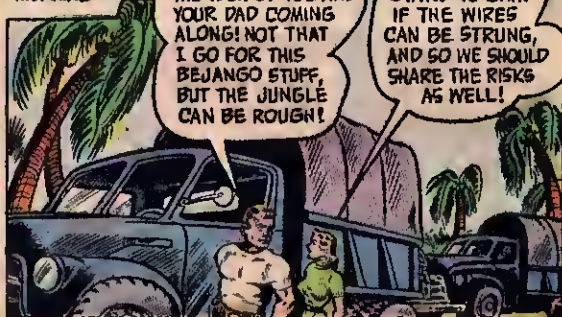
YOU'RE MY LAST CHANCE, BURT! SO FAR I'VE SENT OUT FOUR CREWS TO LICK THAT JUNGLE, BUT **THEY** WERE THE ONES TO GET LICKED! WORST PART OF IT IS THAT THEY **DIS-APPEARED!**



THE NATIVES IN THESE PARTS HAVE AN EXPLANATION FOR IT! THEY SAY THE JUNGLE IS INHABITED BY A SPECIES OF MONSTER THEY CALL **BEJANGOES!** OF COURSE IT'S ALL POPPY-COCK, BUT THE CREWS **DID** DISAPPEAR! AND OUR OPERATION HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO A COMPLETE STANDSTILL!

I'VE GOT A HAND-PICKED CREW WAITING UP THE LINE, SIR! NO REASON WHY WE CAN'T BE STARTED, BY MORNING!

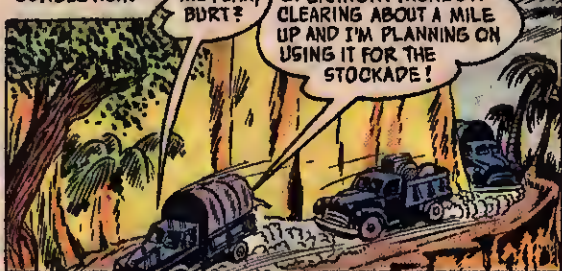
THE FOLLOWING MORNING...



I STILL DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF YOU AND YOUR DAD COMING ALONG! NOT THAT I GO FOR THIS BEJANGO STUFF, BUT THE JUNGLE CAN BE ROUGH!

NO! DAD AND I STAND TO GAIN IF THE WIRES CAN BE STRUNG, AND SO WE SHOULD SHARE THE RISKS AS WELL!

ALONG THE JUNGLE ROAD...



WHAT'S THE PLAN, BURT?

FIRST, SET UP A BASE OF OPERATION! THERE'S A CLEARING ABOUT A MILE UP AND I'M PLANNING ON USING IT FOR THE STOCKADE!

A STOCKADE? THEN YOU DO EXPECT TROUBLE!

RATHER PLAN FOR TROUBLE THAN BE CAUGHT BY SURPRISE! BESIDES, IT'LL BE A LOT SAFER FOR YOU! LIKE I SAID, JUNGLE LIVING CAN BE MIGHTY ROUGH!



THAT EVENING...

WELL...COZY LITTLE PLACE, ISN'T IT?

IT WON'T BE TOO UNCOMFORTABLE, SUE! I HAD A CABLE TRUCK STRING AN EMERGENCY LINE FROM THE PLANT TO HERE! AT LEAST YOU'LL HAVE ELECTRICITY IN YOUR TENT!



BESIDES, THE CURRENT WILL SERVE AN EVEN GREATER PURPOSE! BY USING POWER SAWS, WE'LL BE ABLE TO CLEAR TWICE THE ACREAGE IN HALF THE TIME!

SOUNDS GREAT, BURT! YOU'VE REALLY GOT THIS SHOW MOVING!



I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT A THING NOW! NOT EVEN THE BEJANGOES...IF THERE WERE SUCH THINGS!



EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING, THE WORK BEGINS...

I HAD TO COME OUT FOR A LOOK! HOW ARE THINGS GOING?

NOT TOO BAD, SUE! ACCORDING TO MY SCHEDULE, IF WE KEEP THINGS MOVING AT A PROPER PACE WE SHOULD BE OUT OF THE WOODS IN SIX WEEKS!



BUT WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT IF I'M GOING TO BE **INTERRUPTED** ALL THE TIME! BESIDES, I THINK IT BEST IF YOU STAYED WITHIN THE STOCKADE THESE FIRST FEW DAYS!

I CAN TAKE A HINT, BOSS MAN! SEE YOU AT LUNCH!



AND AS SUE TAKES THE TRAIL BACK...

GUESS THERE'S NO POINT TRYING TO FIGHT IT! I'M FALLING FOR THE BIG LUG---HOOK, LINE AND SINKER!



SUDDENLY... OH-HHH!



IN THE MURKY DEPTHS OF A GLOOMY CAVE, THE BEJANGO HORDE RALLIES TO THE CRY OF THEIR MONSTROUS LEADER...

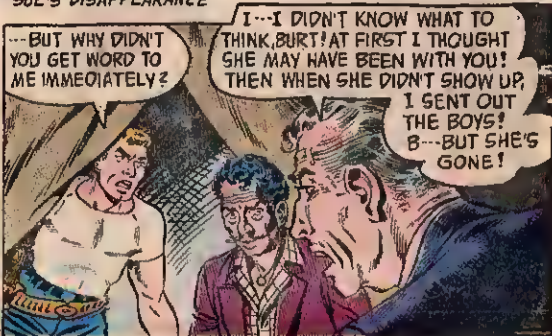
SOON WE SHALL HAVE **REVENGE**...AND THIS ONE WILL **HELP** US! BY HER **OWN** HAND...SHE WILL DESTROY THOSE WHO WOULD DARE INVADE OUR LAND!

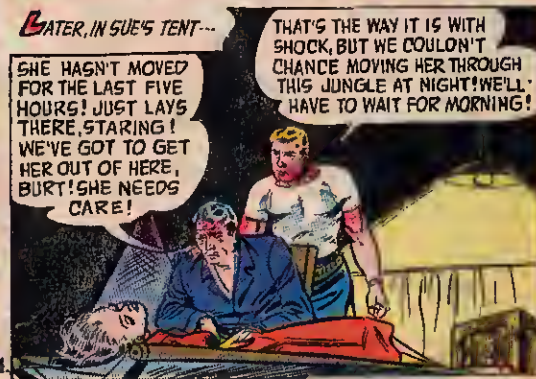
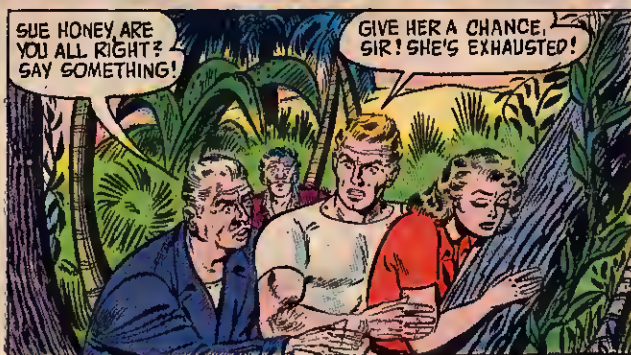


AND WHEN BURT RETURNS TO THE STOCKADE AND LEARNS OF SUE'S DISAPPEARANCE...

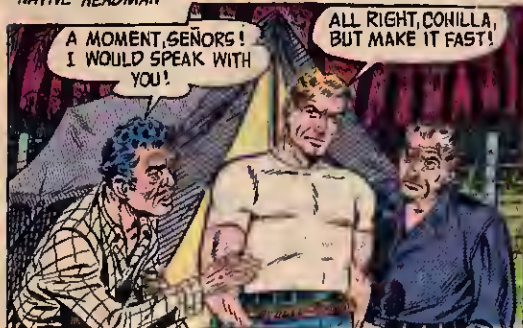
...BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU GET WORD TO ME IMMEDIATELY?

I---I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK, BURT! AT FIRST I THOUGHT SHE MAY HAVE BEEN WITH YOU! THEN WHEN SHE DIDN'T SHOW UP, I SENT OUT THE BOYS! B---BUT SHE'S GONE!





BUT AS THE TWO MEN LEAVE, THEY ARE ACCOSTED BY THE NATIVE HEADMAN---



A MOMENT, SEÑORS!
I WOULD SPEAK WITH
YOU!

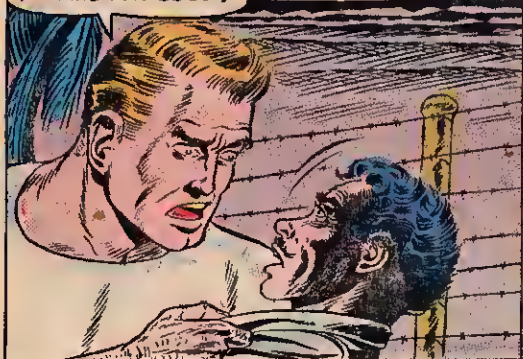
ALL RIGHT, CONILLA,
BUT MAKE IT FAST!

I KNOW YOU WILL BECOME ANGRY AT WHAT CONILLA SAYS--- BUT THE GIRL IS IN MUCH DANGER! I HAVE SEEN THE SIGNS BEFORE AND KNOW THAT SHE IS UNDER THE SPELL OF THE **BEUANGO**! THAT IS WHY SHE CANNOT HEAR OR SEE--- FOR SHE IS **PLEGDED TO DO THEIR BIDDING!**

SO THAT'S
IT, EH?

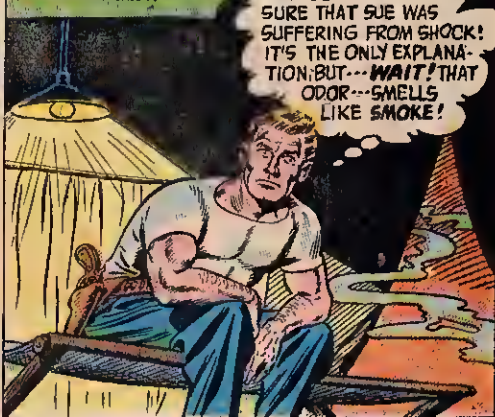


NOW **GET THIS!** I'VE HEARD ALL I CARE TO ABOUT THIS **BEUANGO** STUFF! ONE MORE PEEP OUT OF YOU ABOUT THIS RUBBISH, AND I'LL SEND YOU PACKING FOR GOOD!



TOWARDS MIDNIGHT---

IF I COULD ONLY BE SURE THAT SUE WAS SUFFERING FROM SHOCK! IT'S THE ONLY EXPLANATION. BUT--- **WAIT!** THAT ODOR--- SMELLS LIKE SMOKE!



GREAT GUNS! IT'S THE TENT CONTAINING THE DYNAMITE! SOMEONE SET FIRE TO IT!

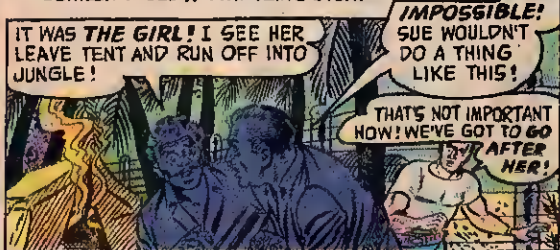


QUICKLY, THE FIRE IS BROUGHT UNDER CONTROL. BUT CONILLA TELLS A STARTLING STORY---

IT WAS **THE GIRL!** I SEE HER LEAVE TENT AND RUN OFF INTO JUNGLE!

IMPOSSIBLE! SUE WOULDN'T DO A THING LIKE THIS!

THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT NOW! WE'VE GOT TO GO AFTER HER!



WHAT IS IT, BURT?

FRESH SNOE IMPRINTS, AND THEY COULD ONLY BE SUE'S! WE'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW THEM ON AND HOPE FOR THE BEST!



AND IN A JUNGLE CLEARING, A TENSE SCENE REACHES A THREATENING CLIMAX...

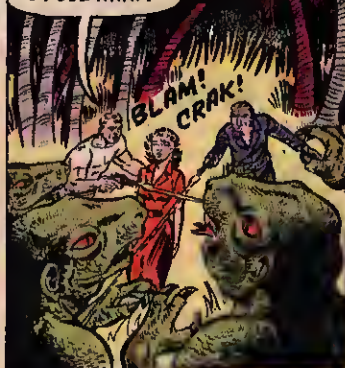


BUT BEFORE THE STEEL-LIKE CLAWS CAN STRIKE...



THEY, PUMPING A STEADY STREAM OF FIRE THE PAIR CHARGES FORWARD...

THESE BULLETS CAN'T KILL 'EM, BUT IT'S MAKING THEM FALL BACK! KEEP IT GOING WHILE I GET SUE AWAY!



SWEEPING SUE UP IN HIS ARMS, BURT RACES BACK TOWARDS CAMP...



AND WHEN THEY REACH THE STOCKADE...



THEY'LL SWAMP US, BURT! THIS BARBED WIRE STOCKADE WON'T KEEP 'EM OUT, AND BULLETS CAN'T HURT THEM!

NEVER MIND THAT! GET THE BOYS TOGETHER AND KEEP UP A STEADY FIRE! I'VE JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING THAT *MAY* WORK, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO STALL 'EM OFF AS LONG AS YOU CAN!



THEN, WITH SMASHING FURY, THE SAVAGE HORDE STRIKES---



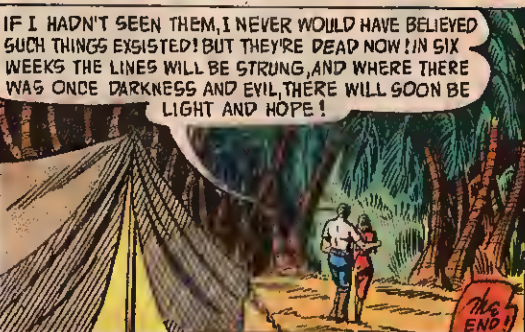
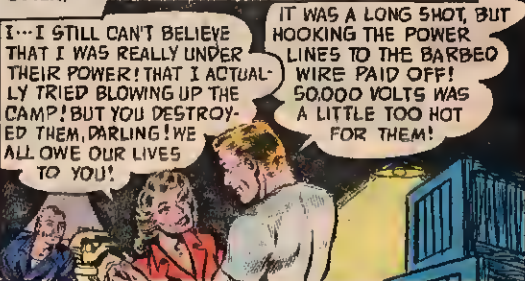
BUT INSIDE THE POWER SUPPLY TENT, BURT COMPLETES THE FINAL STAGE OF HIS HASTILY-FORMED PLAN---



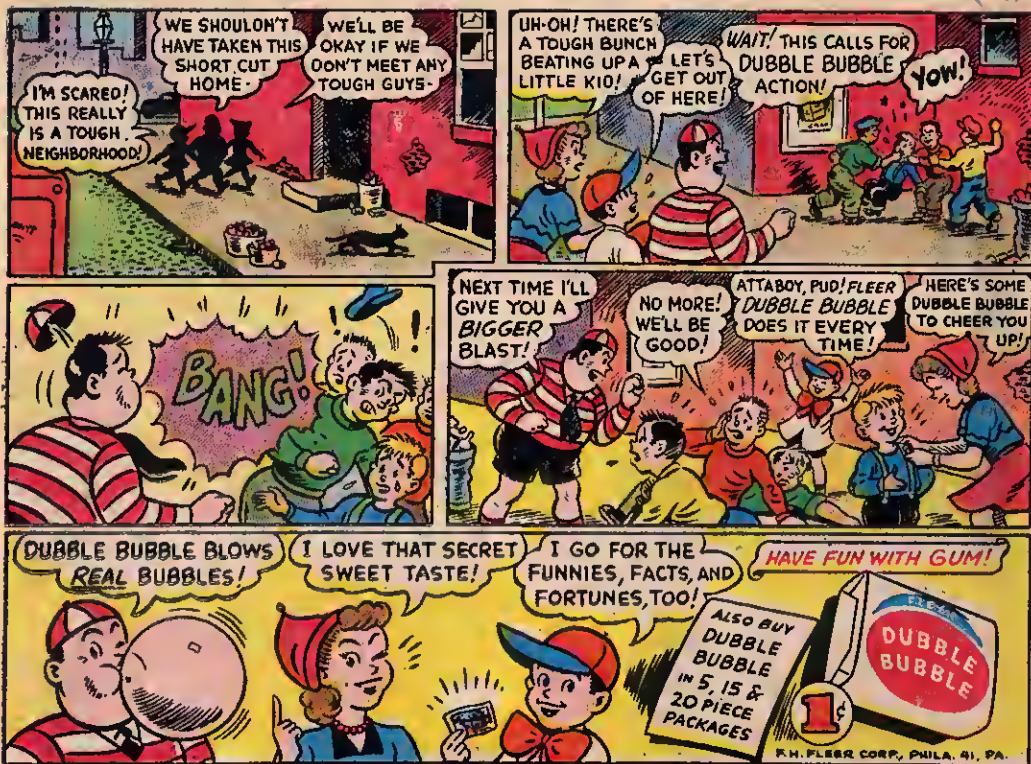
SIMULTANEOUSLY, THE AIR OUTSIDE IS RIPPED BY A SERIES OF DEVASTATING, CRACKLING EXPLOSIONS---



THE MONSTERS DEAD, SUE SHOWS QUICK SIGNS OF RECOVERY---



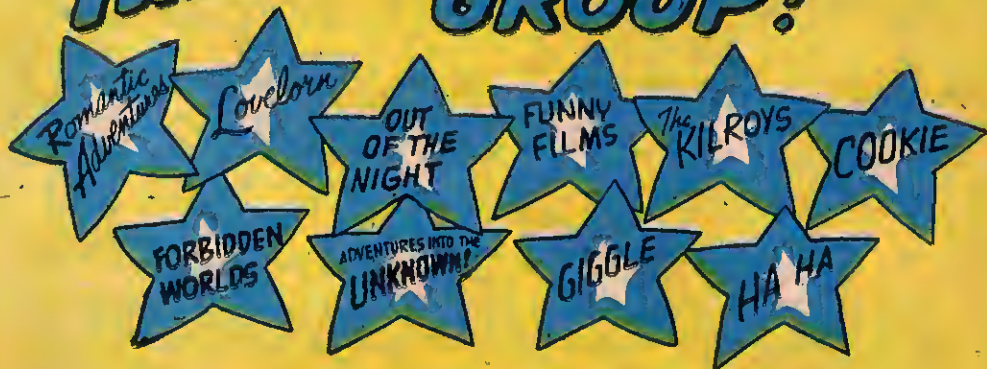
THE END!



For recommended reading...



AMERICAN COMICS GROUP!



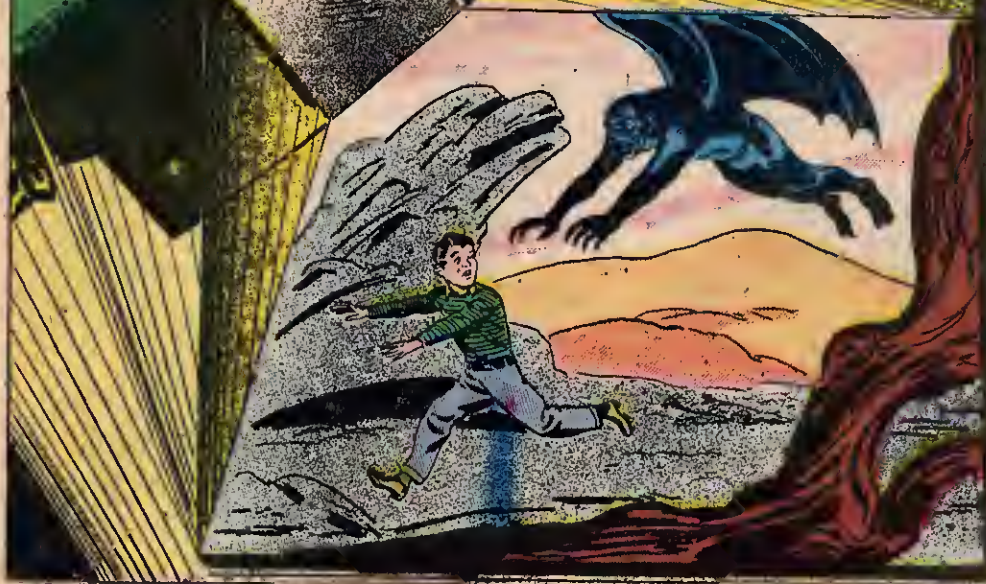
They're the terrific ten...
THE GREATEST GROUP
OF HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!



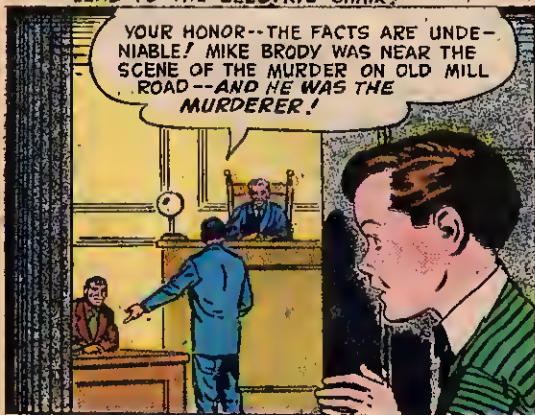
READ THEM ALL
...REGULARLY...
 Read **AMERICAN!**

The WEIRD WINGER

YOU'VE SEEN GOGGLES LIKE THIS BEFORE, READER--BUT THE LENSES ARE GOING TO GIVE YOU THE SNOCK OF YOUR LIFE! THROUGH THEM, YOU'RE GOING TO SEE INTO THE FOURTH DIMENSION--YOU'RE GOING TO SEE A HORROR THAT WAS INVISIBLE TO THE VICTIMS OF THE WEIRD WINGER--AND WHAT'S MORE...YOU'RE GOING TO LIVE!



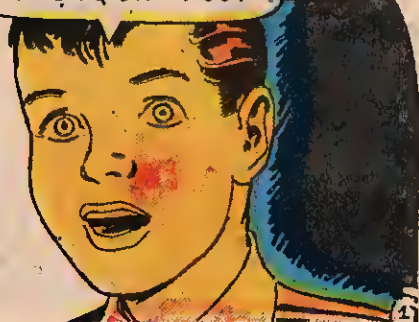
IT ALL BEGAN IN A CROWDED COURTROOM--WHERE A HARD-FACED CRIMINAL LISTENED TO THE EVIDENCE MOUNT AGAINST HIM--EVIDENCE THAT WOULD LEAD TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!



YOUR HONOR--THE FACTS ARE UNDENIABLE! MIKE BRODY WAS NEAR THE SCENE OF THE MURDER ON OLD MILL ROAD--AND HE WAS THE MURDERER!

A BOY HESITATED IN THE DOORWAY--HIS TERROR-LADEN EYES HOLDING A SECRET THAT MUST BE REVEALED--NOW!

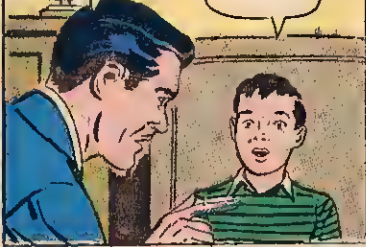
JEEPERS...I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FORGET WHAT I SAW ON OLD MILL ROAD! BUT I'VE GOT TO TELL 'EM ABOUT IT--I CAN'T LET MIKE BRODY DIE...FOR SOMETHING HE DIDN'T DO!



BRUTAL MURDER WOULD HAVE BEEN BAD ENOUGH--BUT AS THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY QUESTIONED JIMMY DAVIS--COLD HORROR RIPPLED THROUGH THE COURTROOM!

YOU SAY YOU SAW A BLACK FIGURE POUNCE ON THE MURDER VICTIM-- AND TEAR HIM APART! CAN YOU DESCRIBE THIS CREATURE, JIMMY?

GOLLY, I-I HATE TO THINK OF THAT THING! I WANT TO DRIVE IT OUT OF MY MIND--BECAUSE IF I DON'T--I KNOW IT'S GOING TO COME AFTER ME!



"I WAS COMING HOME FROM SCHOOL WHEN I SAW IT--CIRCLING OVER OLD MILL ROAD LIKE A BIG BLACK BIRD!"



"BUT IT WASN'T A BIRD! IT HAD A HIDEOUS FACE AND LONG CLAWED FINGERS--AND IT WAS STARING DOWN--READY TO POUNCE!"



"I YELLED TO THE MAN CROSSING THE FIELD! THE THING WAS ALMOST ON TOP OF HIM-- BUT HE DIDN'T BUDGE!"

CREEPERS--LOOK OUT! IT'S DIVING-- IT'S GOING TO GRAB YOU!

HUH? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, KID-- I DON'T SEE A THING!



AAAGGH!

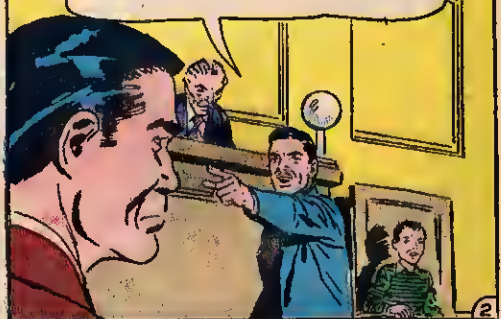


OHH! THAT CREEP'S TEARING AT THE MAN'S THROAT-- IT'S KILLING HIM!



THAT'S HOW PEOPLE LEARNED ABOUT THE WEIRD WINGER--AND CAN YOU BLAME THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY FOR NOT BELIEVING JIMMY'S STORY?

YOUR HONOR--THE WHOLE THING'S ABSURD! WE'VE PROVED THAT MIKE BRODY WAS ON OLD MILL ROAD AT THE TIME OF THE MURDER-- WHY DIDN'T HE SEE THIS FANTASTIC CREATURE?

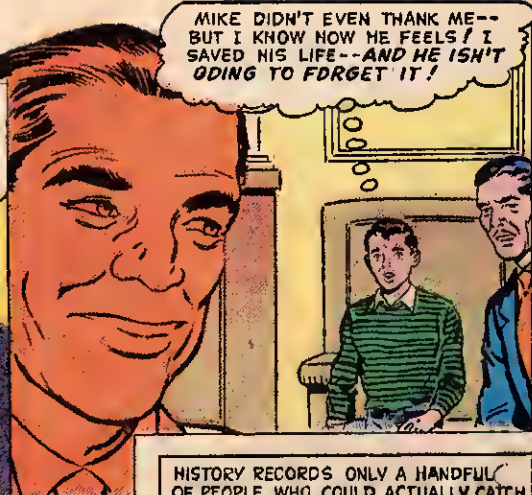


BUT COULD A TEN YEAR OLD BOY INVENT SUCH A STORY... COULD HE FEIGN THE TERROR THAT STILL GRIPPED HIM? AN HOUR LATER-- THE JUDGE REACHED HIS DECISION!

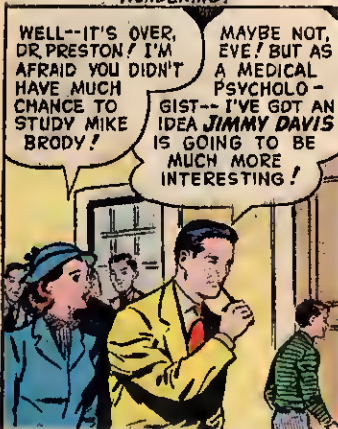
BRODY--THE COURT RELUCTANTLY DISMISSES THE INDICTMENT ON THE GROUNDS OF REASONABLE DOUBT! IT GOES AGAINST THE GRAIN TO RELEASE A HARDENED CRIMINAL-- SOMEONE WHO'S NEVER LIFTED A FINGER TO HELP HIS FELLOW HUMANS -- BUT YOU'RE FREE!



MIKE DIDN'T EVEN THANK ME-- BUT I KNOW HOW HE FEELS! I SAVED HIS LIFE--AND HE ISN'T GOING TO FORGET IT!



SOMEONE ELSE IN THE COURTROOM WAS LOOKING AT JIMMY DAVIS--AND WONDERING!



WELL--IT'S OVER, DR. PRESTON! I'M AFRAID YOU DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CHANCE TO STUDY MIKE BRODY!

MAYBE NOT, EVE! BUT AS A MEDICAL PSYCHOLOGIST-- I'VE GOT AN IDEA JIMMY DAVIS IS GOING TO BE MUCH MORE INTERESTING!

THAT EVENING -- DOCTOR PRESTON CALLS AT JIMMY'S HOME!

I DON'T WONDER THAT YOU'RE CURIOUS ABOUT JIMMY, DOCTOR--AFTER HE DREAMED UP THAT FANTASTIC STORY! WISH SOMETHING COULD BE DONE TO CURB HIS IMAGINATION!

THAT ISN'T WHY I'M HERE, MRS. DAVIS! YOU SEE... I BELIEVE THE WEIRD WINGER EXISTS!



HISTORY RECORDS ONLY A HANDFUL OF PEOPLE WHO COULD ACTUALLY CATCH GLIMPSES OF THE SUPERNATURAL WORLD --AND MOST OF THEM WERE TREATED AS WITCHES OR LUNATICS--RANTING ABOUT THE DEMONS THAT PLAGUED THEM! BUT THAT WAS BEFORE SCIENCE DISCOVERED THE **FOURTH DIMENSION!**



SOME PEOPLE **CAN** SEE INTO THAT FOURTH DIMENSION, MRS. DAVIS-- **AND JIMMY IS ONE OF THEM!** I HAVE A THEORY IT'S CAUSED BY A FREAKISH DEVELOPMENT OF THE OPTIC NERVE--BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO PROVE IT-- **BY OPERATION!**

AN OPERATION-- ON JIMMY? BUT GOOD HEAVENS-- WON'T THAT BE **DANGEROUS?**



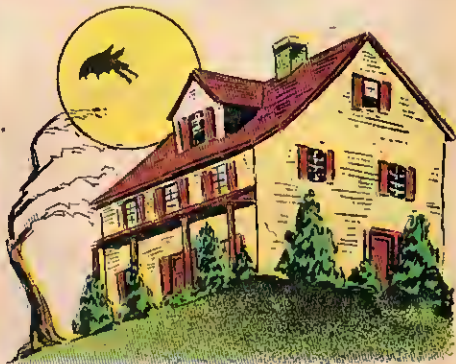
THAT DEPENDS ON WHAT I LEARN FROM THE STRUCTURE OF JIMMY'S OPTIC NERVE! IT WON'T BE JUST AN IDLE EXPERIMENT--I'M THINKING OF THE WEIRD WINGER! THAT FIEND MUST BE DESTROYED--AND IT CAN'T HAPPEN UNTIL **OTHER** PEOPLE SEE IT AS PLAINLY AS JIMMY DID!



IN OTHER WORDS--AN OPERATION WOULD MAKE IT POSSIBLE TO DEVISE **SPECIAL LENSES**--LENSES THAT WOULD ENABLE ARMY UNITS TO HUNT THE WEIRD WINGER DOWN! OTHERWISE, THERE WILL BE OTHER VICTIMS--DYING HORRIBLY WITHOUT EVER SEEING WHAT HIT THEM!

BUT SUPPOSE JIMMY DIES? I CAN'T SACRIFICE HIM FOR ANY REASON--**I CAN'T!**

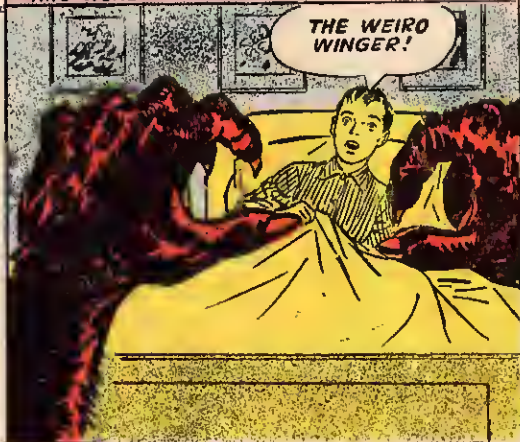
JIMMY'S MOTHER DIDN'T REALIZE HE MIGHT BE SACRIFICED ANOTHER WAY! MAYBE SHE FORCED HERSELF NOT TO BELIEVE IN SOMETHING INVISIBLE... SOMETHING THAT FLAPPED LATE THAT NIGHT TOWARD THE DARKENED HOUSE.



YES, SOMETHING THAT CREEPT TOWARD A BOY WHO WOKE WITH A GASP OF TERROR!

THE WEIRD WINGER!

IT'S REACHING TOWARD ME! NO, DON'T--DON'T!



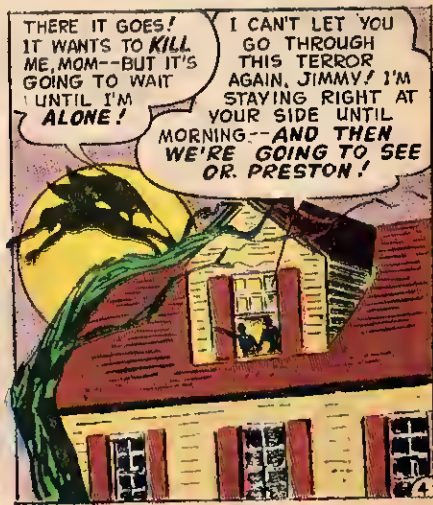
MOM, IT'S HERE--IT'S HERE! DON'T LET IT GET ME!

JIMMY--WHAT'S WRONG?

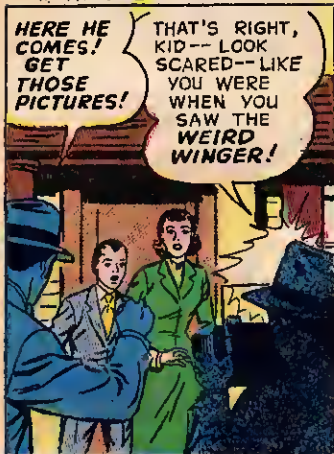
THE WEIRD WINGER! CREEPERS, CAN'T YOU SEE IT--RIGHT THERE AT THE WINDOW!

THERE IT GOES! IT WANTS TO KILL ME, MOM--BUT IT'S GOING TO WAIT UNTIL I'M ALONE!

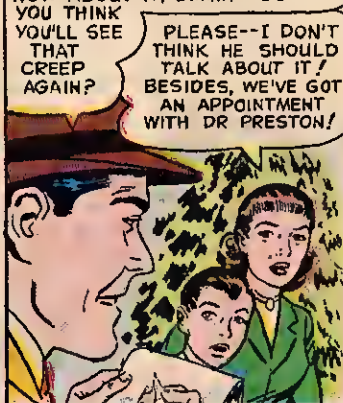
I CAN'T LET YOU GO THROUGH THIS TERROR AGAIN, JIMMY! I'M STAYING RIGHT AT YOUR SIDE UNTIL MORNING--AND THEN WE'RE GOING TO SEE DR. PRESTON!



NEXT DAY--AS JIMMY AND HIS MOTHER LEAVE HOME--



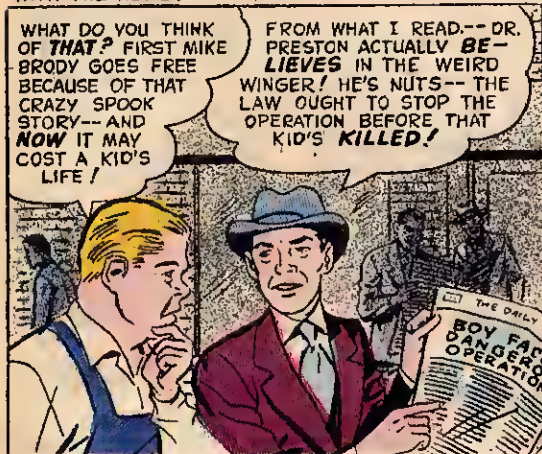
TOOK US A LITTLE TIME TO FIND WHERE JIMMY LIVES, MRS. DAVIS-- BUT **NOW** WE CAN GET THE LOW-DOWN ON THAT WEIRD WINGER! HOW ABOUT IT, JIMMY--DO YOU THINK YOU'LL SEE THAT CREEP AGAIN?



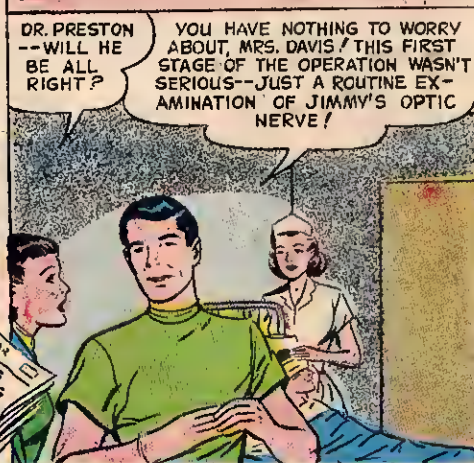
DR. PRESTON, HUH? I SAW HIM AT MIKE BRODY'S TRIAL, TOO--MAYBE THERE'S A FAR BIGGER STORY HERE THAN WE FIGURED!



WITHIN A FEW HOURS--THE ENTIRE TOWN BUZZED WITH THE NEWS!



MEANWHILE--AT DR. PRESTON'S CLINIC--

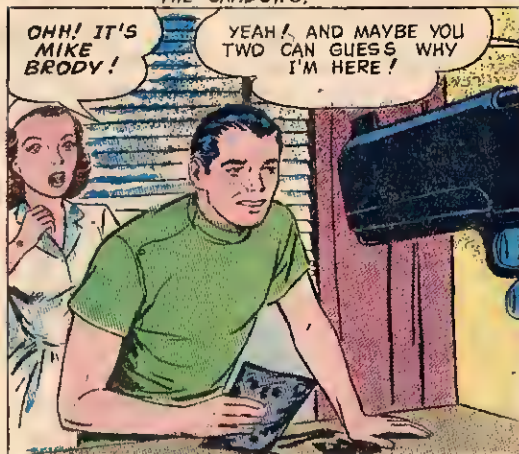


BY NIGHTFALL--DR. PRESTON HAD LEARNED THE ANSWER!



SOMETHING ELSE IS NEEDED, EVE--SOME-THING I HAVEN'T ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION OF OBTAINING!

SUDDENLY--A FORBIDING FIGURE STEPS FROM THE SHADOWS!



OHH! IT'S MIKE BRODY!

YEAH! AND MAYBE YOU TWO CAN GUESS WHY I'M HERE!

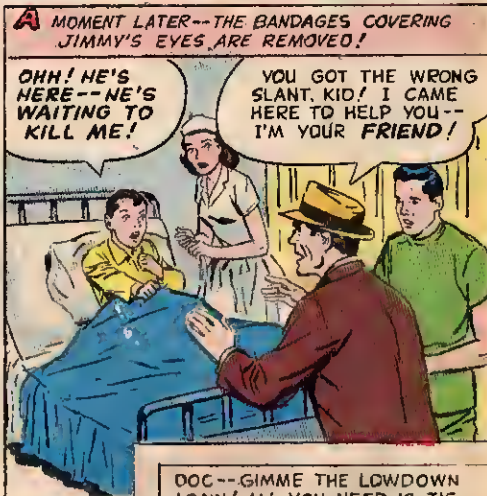


I HEARD ABOUT THAT OPERATION YOU'VE GOT LINED UP FOR JIMMY DAVIS--AND IT'S NO DEAL, UNDERSTAND? THAT KID SAVED MY LIFE--AND I'LL PUMP YOU FULL OF LEAD BEFORE I LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO HIM!



KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, BRODY--NOTHING WILL HAPPEN TO JIMMY! I'VE LEARNED I CAN'T MAKE THOSE SPECIAL LENSES--WITHOUT A SLIVER OF LIVING TISSUE FROM A PART OF THE BRAIN CONTROLLED BY THE OPTIC NERVE! JUST A MICROSCOPIC PARTICLE--BUT REMOVING IT WILL CAUSE INSTANT DEATH!

NEVER MIND THE GUFF! I WANT TO SEE IF THE KID'S OKAY--NOW!



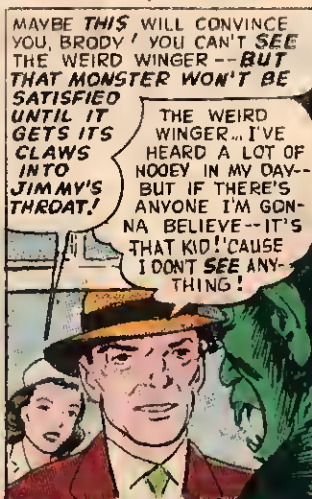
A MOMENT LATER--THE BANDAGES COVERING JIMMY'S EYES ARE REMOVED!

OHH! HE'S HERE--HE'S WAITING TO KILL ME!

YOU GOT THE WRONG SLANT, KID! I CAME HERE TO HELP YOU--I'M YOUR FRIEND!

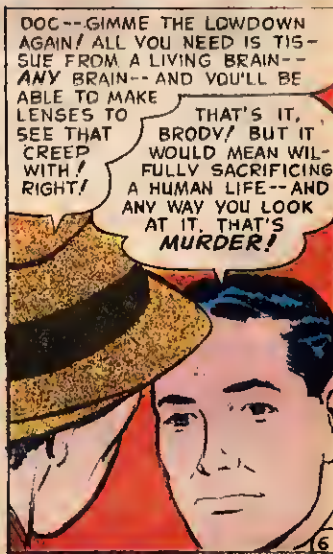


I DON'T MEAN YOU! IT'S THE WEIRD WINGER--RIGHT OUTSIDE THE WINDOW!



MAYBE THIS WILL CONVINCE YOU, BRODY! YOU CAN'T SEE THE WEIRD WINGER--BUT THAT MONSTER WON'T BE SATISFIED UNTIL IT GETS ITS CLAWS INTO JIMMY'S THROAT!

THE WEIRD WINGER...I'VE HEARD A LOT OF NOOEY IN MY DAY--BUT IF THERE'S ANYONE I'M GONNA BELIEVE--IT'S THAT KID! 'CAUSE I DON'T SEE ANYTHING!



DOC--GIMME THE LOWDOWN AGAIN! ALL YOU NEED IS TISSUE FROM A LIVING BRAIN--ANY BRAIN--AND YOU'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE LENSES TO SEE THAT CREEP WITH! RIGHT!

THAT'S IT, BRODY! BUT IT WOULD MEAN WILLFULLY SACRIFICING A HUMAN LIFE--AND ANY WAY YOU LOOK AT IT, THAT'S MURDER!

IT WOULDN'T BE **MURDER**, DOC-- IF YOU HAD A **VOLUNTEER**! MAYBE THAT JUDGE WAS ON THE BALL WHEN HE SAID I'D NEVER DONE ANYTHING FOR MY FELLOW HUMANS... AND MAYBE I NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO-- **UNTIL NOW!**

I DON'T GET IT, BRODY! WHAT'S THE ANGLE?

THAT KID'S GONNA LIVE, DOC--AND **OTHER** PEOPLE ARE GONNA LIVE INSTEAD OF BEING **RIPPED** APART BY THAT CREEP! YEAH, I KNOW WHAT IT MEANS... BUT I'VE BEEN THINKING THINGS OVER ON MY BORROWED TIME-- LOOKING FOR A WAY TO PAY MY DEBT TO JIMMY--AND SOCIETY! COME ON, DOC-- YOU'RE GETTIN' THAT BRAIN TISSUE YOU NEED-- FROM ME!

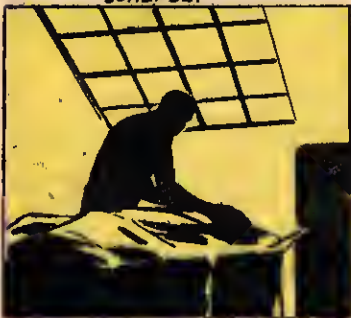


FOR NEARLY THIRTY YEARS, MIKE BRODY HAD LED A WASTED LIFE! BUT IN THE FINAL SECOND OF THAT LIFE--WHO WILL BEGRUDGE HIM THE NAME OF **HERO**? IT WAS QUICK AND PAINLESS--THEN THE NOISE BREATHING STOPPED... AND DR. PRESTON LOWERED HIS **SCALPEL!**

IT'S... ALL OVER?

STAY IN THAT ROOM, EYE... DON'T LEAVE JIMMY ALONE! IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO MOLD THE LENSES WITH THE 2000° HEAT FROM THIS PRESSURIZED BLOWTORCH--AND THEN I MAY HAVE ANOTHER USE FOR IT!

MINUTES LATER-- THE WEIRD WINGER WINGER PEERS INTO THE ROOM! THERE IS NO ONE INSIDE BUT JIMMY--AND THE FANGED FACE BREAKS INTO A **GRISLY SMILE!**



I **THOUGHT** YOU COULD BE TRICKED INTO MAKING A PLAY, CREEP! I CAN SEE YOU NOW--AND I'M GOING TO BE THE LAST LAST HUMAN WHO EVER **WILL!**

AAAGN!

THAT'S THE END OF THE WEIRD WINGER, JIMMY! I HOPE YOU DON'T SEE ANYTHING ELSE FROM THE FOURTH DIMENSION-- BUT IF YOU DO--THESE LENSES WILL MEAN WE CAN COPE WITH IT!

THERE'S **ONE** THING FROM THE FOURTH DIMENSION I WON'T BE AFRAID OF, DR. PRESTON! MAYBE SOME DAY I'LL CATCH A GLIMPSE OF MIKE BRODY'S SPIRIT-- LONG ENOUGH TO SAY **THANKS!**



The End

OUT of the NIGHT.. TO YOU!

SUMMER IS GONE, and on all the country lanes withered leaves and shriveled flowers lie heaped together in death. Already the slightest gust of wind moans through the bare trees like a demented thing.

Everything which bloomed briefly in Summer is gone, victims of the relentless hand of the Grim Reaper. All Nature grinds unhappily to a halt, while thousands of creatures, large and small, seek refuge against the bitter months ahead.

But it is said that the *spirit world* stirs at this time of year, waiting anxiously for the chill blasts of winter, and the icy moon under whose cold light forbidden rites will be enacted. Hallowe'en approaches...a night for all the denizens of the dark to wander abroad, wailing about lonely farmhouses and flitting with the hideous rattle of ancient bones across crooked and decaying tombstones.

Do you feel a chill racing along your spine? Do you want to bar the door against the shrieking winds, to take a gasp-laden book from the library shelf and draw up to where the roaring fire throws black shadows on the walls? If so, join

our company...for we too are devotees of the supernatural, of eerie creatures and the restless dead, or vengeance which strikes from beyond the grave...of menace which springs from *out of the night!*

If this be your mood, the current issue of "Out of the Night" is your fare, for it is one of the most spellbinding we have ever published. "The Electric Spirit" is a high-voltage tale with a shock climax, perfect for midnight reading! If you're contemplating the exploration of some far-off jungle, better read "Beware The Bejango!" Its terror-packed pages may change your mind! Of the many tense tales we've published concerning the eerie *fourth dimension*, we'll cast our vote for "The Weird Winger" as the greatest. Words nearly fail us in telling you about the thrilling pages of "The Awful Mr. Ishveli". Merely to start this terrifying yarn is to be trapped in a web of terrifying suspense.

Obviously, we're proud of this issue, but we'd like to know what *you* think. Simply drop a line to The Editor, "Out of the Night", 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. And now, here's what some of our other fans are saying:

"Dear Editor:-

I just had to write to tell you what a wonderful book 'Out of the Night' is...

--Marvin Curtis, Blythe, Calif."

"Dear Editor:-

I have just finished reading the latest issue of 'Out of the Night', and found it very interesting. I especially liked 'Death Has Wings'. I love the art; it is so life-like. I'd like to read some stories about children.

--Mrs. Orie Mitchell, Pennsboro, W. Va."

"Dear Editor:-

Let's have more yarns like 'King of the Vampires' and 'The Return of the Werewolf'. Lots more.

--Dannie Ritchie, Dallas, Iowa."

The AWFUL MR. ISHVELI



WHAT WAS HE?-- SATANIC DEMON, SUPER-NATURAL AVENGER OF JUSTICE-- OR JUST A HOMICIDAL OLD CRACKPOT? WHATEVER THE ANSWER, NO ONE COULD DOUBT THAT HIS POWERS WERE ENORMOUS -- AND DEADLY!

THIS WAS A TYPICAL WEEK IN MR. ISHVELI'S STRANGE EXISTENCE--



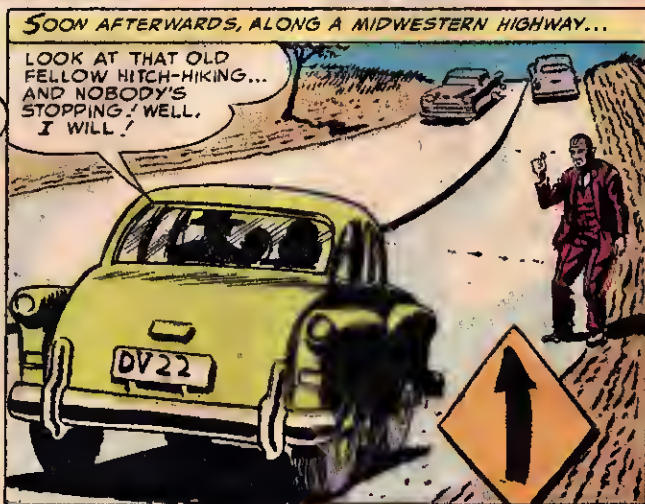
IN THE OFFICE OF A POWERFUL FINANCIER--

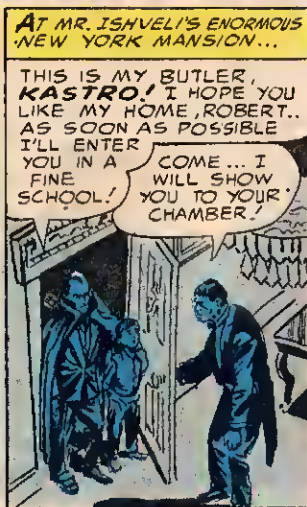
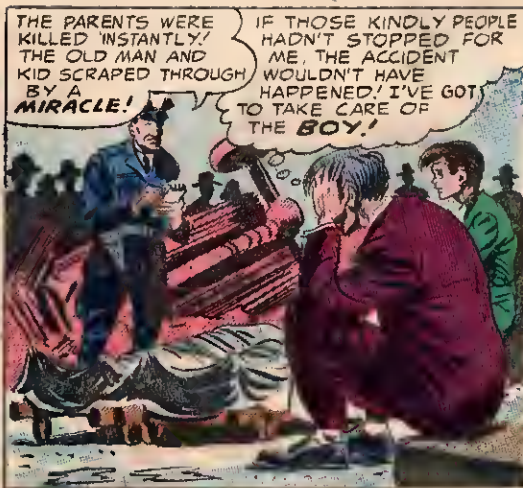
THERE'S A RATHER QUEER OLD MAN OUTSIDE WHO WANTS A MINUTE OF YOUR TIME, SIR! HE'S WELL DRESSED-- CALLS HIMSELF MR. ISHVELI!

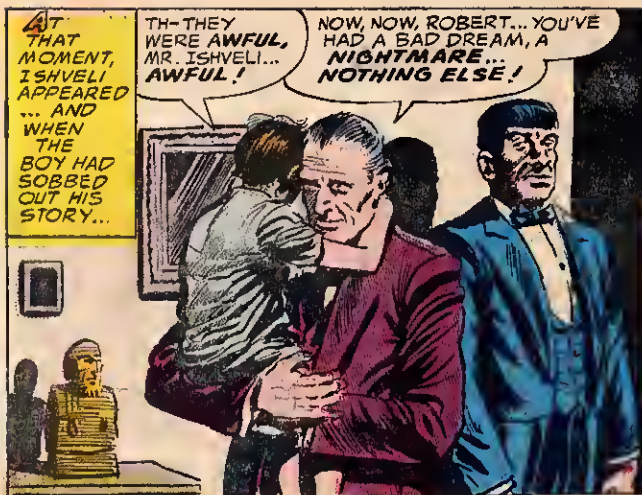


COMSTOCK, I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU CLOSELY! RECENTLY YOU HAVE BEGUN CERTAIN FINANCIAL OPERATIONS WHICH DEEPLY DISTURB ME--AND I CANNOT ALLOW THEM TO CONTINUE!





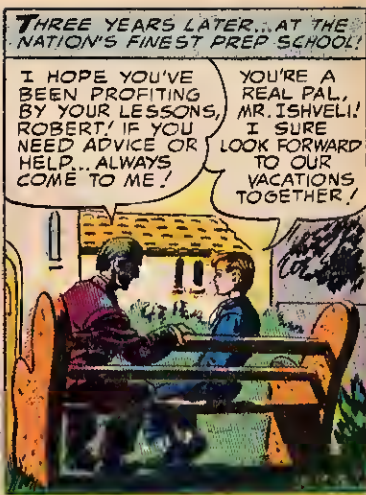




AT THAT MOMENT, ISHVELI APPEARED ... AND WHEN THE BOY HAD SOBBED OUT HIS STORY...

TH- THEY WERE AWFUL, MR. ISHVELI... AWFUL!

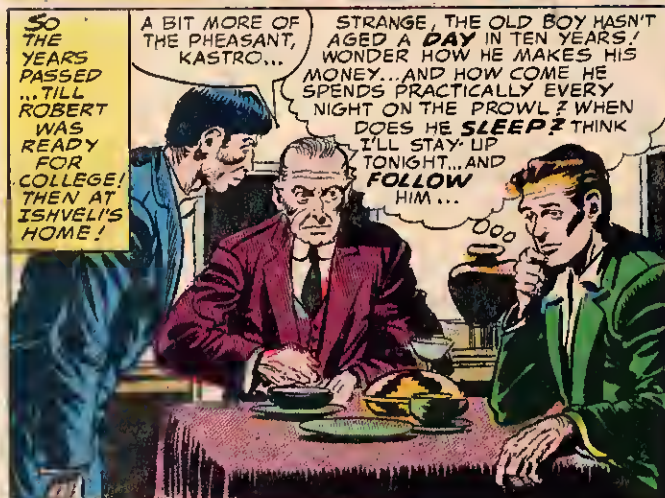
NOW, NOW, ROBERT... YOU'VE HAD A BAD DREAM, A NIGHTMARE... NOTHING ELSE!



THREE YEARS LATER... AT THE NATION'S FINEST PREP SCHOOL!

I HOPE YOU'VE BEEN PROFITING BY YOUR LESSONS, ROBERT! IF YOU NEED ADVICE OR HELP... ALWAYS COME TO ME!

YOU'RE A REAL PAL, MR. ISHVELI! I SURE LOOK FORWARD TO OUR VACATIONS TOGETHER!



SO THE YEARS PASSED ... TILL ROBERT WAS READY FOR COLLEGE! THEN AT ISHVELI'S HOME!

A BIT MORE OF THE PHEASANT, KASTRO...

STRANGE, THE OLD BOY HASN'T AGED A DAY IN TEN YEARS! WONDER HOW HE MAKES HIS MONEY... AND HOW COME HE SPENDS PRACTICALLY EVERY NIGHT ON THE PROWL? WHEN DOES HE SLEEP? THINK I'LL STAY UP TONIGHT... AND FOLLOW HIM...



WHEW! HE SURE MUST LIKE EXERCISE! WAIT, HE SEEMS TO BE HEADING TOWARD THAT MANSION...



HOLY MACKEREL ... IT CAN'T BE! IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S WALKING RIGHT THROUGH THE WALLS!



GOOD GRAVY!



I... I GET IT... ISHVELI'S A MURDERER! BUT WHY... DIDN'T HE TAKE THE GUY'S WALLET... AND THOSE BIG RINGS? HE BUNGLED THE JOB! HMMM, THERE'S NOBODY AROUND... NO REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T SLIP IN AND TAKE THE STUFF! OLD ISHVELI'S NEVER BEEN TOO GENEROUS WITH MY ALLOWANCE!

NEXT MORNING... I'VE COME TO SEVERAL DECISIONS ABOUT YOU, ROBERT! FIRST, I'VE CREATED A TRUST FUND TO SEE YOU THROUGH COLLEGE AND FOR SEVERAL YEARS AFTER! I BELIEVE YOUNG MEN SHOULD MAKE THEIR OWN WAY! HENCEFORTH, **WE MUST NOT MEET AGAIN!**



HE MUST FIGURE IT'S DANGEROUS TO HAVE ME AROUND NOW... BECAUSE I MIGHT **LEARN** SOMETHING, BUT I **ALREADY** KNOW... WHICH GIVES ME AN ACE IN THE HOLE.

I HAVE **REASONS** FOR PARTING COMPANY, ROBERT... WHICH I CANNOT EXPLAIN, BUT BELIEVE ME... IT IS FOR YOUR OWN **GOOD!**



SEVERAL DAYS LATER... AS ROBERT LEFT MR. ISHVELI'S HOUSE...

SIR, I'M NOT SURE ABOUT THAT LAD! SOMETIMES I THINK...

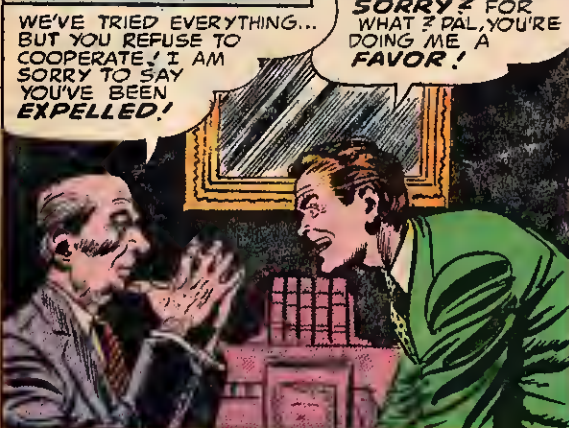
NONSENSE! WE'LL NEVER HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH HIM!



SO ROBERT WENT OFF TO COLLEGE... AND A WILD, HECTIC LIFE! AFTER CONTINUAL FRICTION WITH THE SCHOOL AUTHORITIES...

WE'VE TRIED EVERYTHING... BUT YOU REFUSE TO COOPERATE! I AM SORRY TO SAY YOU'VE BEEN **EXPELLED!**

SORRY? FOR WHAT? PAL, YOU'RE DOING ME A FAVOR!



ROBERT HEADED FOR "THE BIG TIME," AND THE **RACKETS!** THE YEARS FLEW BY... AND HE "ARRIVED!" NO LONGER WAS HE JUST ANOTHER YOUNG PUNK... NO, IN UNDERWORLD CIRCLES, THE NAME OF ROBERT HILTON SPELLED **POWER!**



ONE NIGHT IN THE PALATIAL HOME OF MR. ISHVELI...

THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE BY NOW! AH... I THINK I HEAR THE FLAPS OF WINGS!



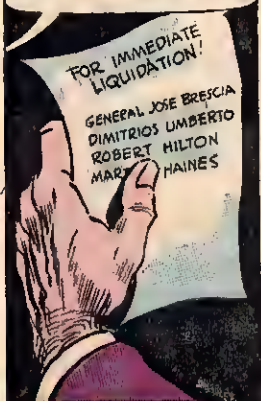
AS TWO MONSTROUS FIGURES ENTERED FROM THE BALCONY...

WHAT DETAINED YOU? DO YOU HAVE THE LIST FOR TOMORROW?

YES... AND I'M AFRAID YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LIKE **ONE** ITEM!



ROBERT'S NAME? ON THIS LIST? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



FOR IMMEDIATE LIQUIDATION!
GENERAL JOSE BRESCIA
DIMITRIOS UMBERTO
ROBERT HILTON
MARY HAINES

IN ROBERT'S NIGHT CLUB OFFICE ...



THERE'S A FUNNY OLD DUCK OUTSIDE WHO WANTS TO SEE YOU. NAME'S **ISHVELI!**

ISHVELI! HOLY SMOKE! SEND HIM IN!

MR. ISHVELI! YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES! HOW ARE YOU?

THIS IS NO TIME FOR PLEASANTRIES! I HAVE JUST LEARNED THAT YOU LEAD AN EVIL LIFE... THAT YOU MAKE YOUR MONEY DISHONESTLY!



WHO ARE YOU TO GET SO HIGH AND MIGHTY? EVERYTHING I KNOW I LEARNED FROM YOU! I FOLLOWED YOU ONE NIGHT A LONG TIME AGO... AND I SAW YOU KILL! I MADE UP MY MIND THEN THAT CRIME DID PAY... AND WELL!

YOU FOOL! YOU'RE **WRONG** ABOUT ME. **VERY** WRONG! BUT I SEE NOW THAT I AM PARTLY TO BLAME. THEREFORE, YOU MAY **STILL** BE SAVED. NOW LISTEN... **CLOSELY!**

I AM AN **IMMORTAL**, A SUPERNATURAL **JUDGE**... METING OUT PUNISHMENT TO THE WICKED. BUT I SEE YOU DO NOT BELIEVE ME! THEREFORE, FOR ONE FULL DAY YOU WILL ACCOMPANY ME ON MY WORK. THEN IF YOU ARE NOT CONVINCED ... SO BE IT. BUT FIRST I SHALL HAVE TO RENDER YOU **INVISIBLE!**



IN A SOUTH AMERICAN CAPITAL ...

GENERAL BRESCIA INTENDS TO SEIZE THE GOVERNMENT TOMORROW BY ASSASSINATING ALL OPPOSITION! I WON'T ALLOW THAT TO HAPPEN! **WATCH CLOSELY!**



IN THE GENERAL'S OFFICE ...

GREAT GUNS!

A LITTLE TRICK I LEARNED LONG AGO! COME... YOU HAVE NOT SEEN ENOUGH!



IN A BALKAN CONFERENCE ROOM ... THESE MEN WERE PLOTTING WAR AGAINST THEIR NEIGHBORING COUNTRY, ROBERT!

WHAT THE... WHERE DID HE COME FROM? **AAGHH!**



BACK IN ISHVELI'S HOME...

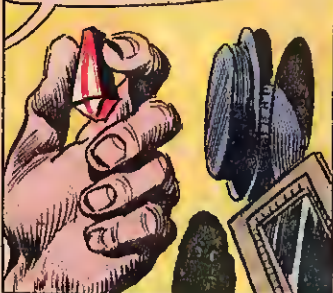
I SEE THAT NOW YOU **ARE** CONVINCED OF MY POWERS! GOOD! NOW MEND YOUR WAYS, FOR THERE IS NO ESCAPE FOR SINNERS... EXCEPT... EXCEPT...

EXCEPT... **WHAT?**



FROM A CLEVERLY HIDDEN WALL SAFE, LADEN WITH GOLD AND JEWELS...

THIS STRANGE OLD AMULET HAS WEIRD PROPERTIES, MY BOY...IT RENDERS MORTALS INVULNERABLE TO SUPERNATURAL PUNISHMENT. HOWEVER, ENOUGH OF THIS TALK... I HAVE SOME WORK YET TO DO TONIGHT!



BUT NO SOONER HAD ISHVELI RETURNED THE AMULET TO THE SAFE AND LEFT THAN...

THE OLD FOOL... DOES HE THINK HE'S SCARED **ME?** I'LL SNATCH THE AMULET, LOAD UP ON JEWELS, SKIP TO SOUTH AMERICA AND LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER!



HIS LIFE IN RIO DE JANEIRO WAS A RIOT OF WINE, WOMEN, AND SONG! WHO COULD BLAME HIM FOR CONGRATULATING HIMSELF?



BUT ONE WEEK LATER, AS HE ENTERED HIS ROOM...

WE HAVE COME TO TAKE YOU TO THE **MASTER...** AND THE **COURT OF SUPERNATURAL JUDGES!**

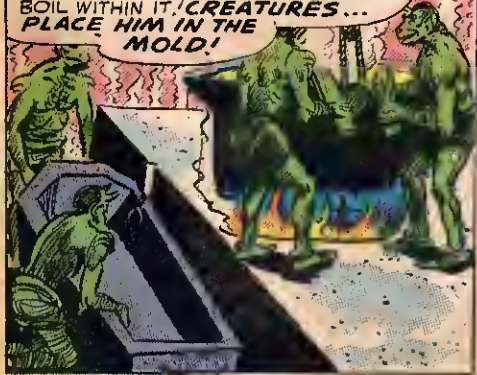


AFTER A WEIRD FLIGHT...

YOU WERE GIVEN A SECOND CHANCE, ROBERT HILTON... BY NOT TAKING IT, YOU HAVE **DOOMED YOURSELF!** YOU CAN'T HARM ME, ISHVELI! I'M WEARING THE **AMULET!** YOU TOLD ME...



FOOL, I WAS **TESTING** YOU... THE AMULET IS **WORTHLESS!** AND NOW... YOUR JUDGMENT! YOU HAVE BEEN CONSUMED BY A LUST FOR GOLD! **THUS... GOLD SHALL DESTROY YOU!** THE KETTLE IS PREPARED... **SOLID BARS OF GOLD BUBBLE AND BOIL WITHIN IT! CREATURES... PLACE HIM IN THE MOLD!**



AS THE AWFUL JUDGMENT WAS EXECUTED...

YOU CAN'T DO THIS, ISHVELI! DON'T LET... ARGHH!

I'M SORRY, ROBERT... BUT YOU **DESERVE** NO BETTER! A **SOLID BLOCK OF GOLD** WILL BE **YOUR COFFIN!**



THE END

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9



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\$9.98 down
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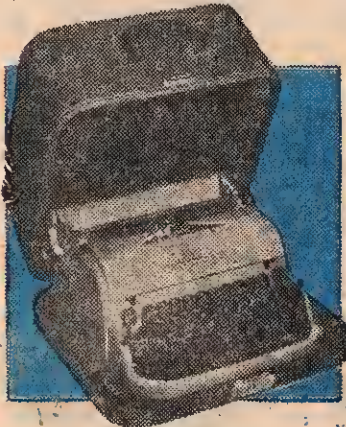


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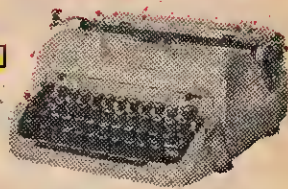
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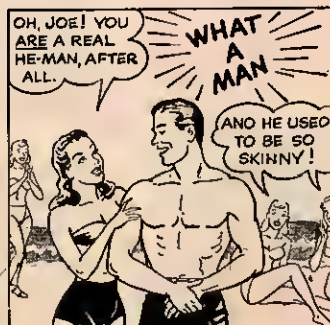
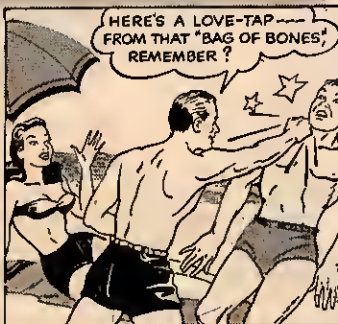
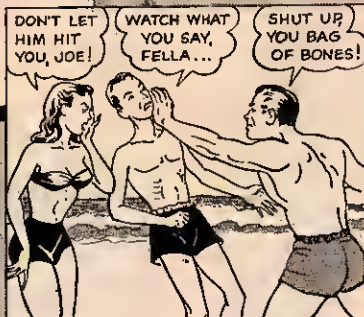
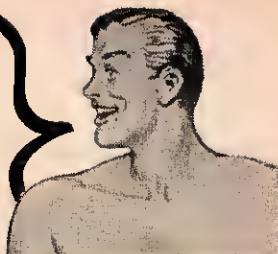
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